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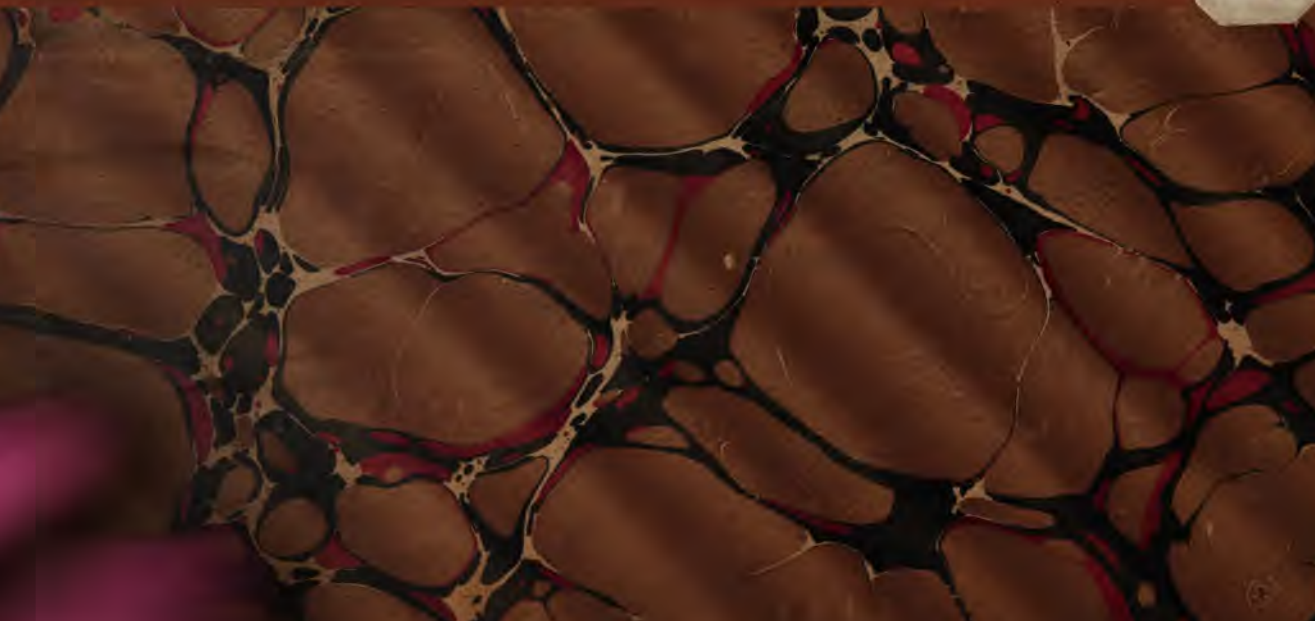

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MARIA OF THE MOUNTAIN;

OR,

THE CASTLE OF BALAHANA.

(FOUNDED ON FACTS.)

BY

GEORGE BOSWELL,

AUTHOR OF

The 'Orphan,'—'Village Cottage,'—'Aged Musician,'
St. John's Knights,'—'Eleanor of the Village,'
'Juvenile Poems,' &c.

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1827.

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Maria of the Mountain;

OR,

THE CASTLE OF BALAHANA.

(A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.)

THE Castle of Balahana was once the residence of a noble lord, whose ancestors by hereditary right took their title from the estate, that for ages was the base of their unsullied dignity. This nobleman, although fortune selected him for her favorite, and decked his brows with wreaths of unfaded content, was governed by humility, which never fails in constituting the man of honor; his ears were ever attentive to the moans of the hapless widow, the friendless orphan, and bending age, when under the pressure of infirmities. His lady, whose disposition concurred with his, was endeared by the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages; her humanity extended to all who stood in need of her attention; for, when pale disease, with pining want, groaned under the roof of the miserable cot, she was then known to be the sympathetic visitant; her bosom throbbed while surveying the victim of affliction; when the shades of death presented their awful exhibition around his miserable couch, then her hand relieved, and her eye let fall the streams of commisseration, and her exhortation animated his departing spirit to seek perpetual happiness that is only to be found in the land of immortality.

Such was the character of these noble personages, whose memory is sunk in the shades of eternal oblivion; yet, the humble efforts of a surviving descendant shall be employed to make known to posterity the vicissitudes they witnessed, which may occupy the mind of those who make nature their study.

They had one son, a lovely youth of eight years old, whose rising virtues stood unrivalled by any of his age, and seemed when in riper years, to blossom in honor and humility which decked the brows of his illustrious parents; preceptors of sound judgment and natural abilities were daily employed in cultivating his morals; he was taught to survey human nature with a steady gaze, to aid man in his affliction, by binding up the wounds that fate had given him, with Samaritan tenderness; but, after all his philantrophic efforts, to place no confidence in a return of his gratitude.

Lord Balahana, ever finding more enjoyment in the society of his humble tenantry than in the mansions of the great, to render them happiness to the extent of his power, at harvest home and on his birth-night, he gave them a sumptuous entertainment. When the moon arose above the brows of the neighbouring hills, and dispelled the shades of twilight, the happy cottagers left their rural abodes and repaired to the hall of their parent and benefactor; peasants clad in coats of home-spun grey, and their frugal companions arrayed in scarlet mantles and black silken kerchiefs, with hearts elated with joy, silently sauntered along the way, shaded by rows of spreading elms, until they arrived at the castle, where mirth and hospitality received them, and where the national airs of the ancient harp resounded. Here festivity in profusion

spread the splendid board; here the happy lord and his beloved lady, amid their tenantry found delight which they could not obtain in the assembly of dignity; national carols with simplicity were sung, and rustic conversation was delivered without affectation.

Thus, amid the shades of content and happiness, were these noble personages endeared by their domestic cottagers, and passing their days in tranquillity, until a civil war commenced in the country—a war, which to this day has caused the posterity of noble families to wander as exiles through the intricate paths of poverty and dark despondency, while pampered knaves, remote from honor and philantrophy, often smite them with the eye that rolls in the fluid of ignorance and contempt. How often do we witness the son of adversity daily buffetted by the storms of fate while on his journey through the labyrinth of life, yet will his bosom retain that spark which only glows in the breast of the noble mind; and, tho' oppressed by poverty and despair, and chilled by descending showers of piercing affliction, the said spark will rekindle, and in honor flame through the recesses of the heart.

William, Prince of Orange having at that period landed in the country, for the intent of subduing James's army, wherefore the protestant party joined him; and the Roman catholics fully determined to exterminate their enemies, joined James The whole nation presented a scene of hostility and horror; neighbours against neighbours, and the most affectionate friends became foes to each other.

Lord Balahana, who was ever an admirer of peace, remained in a neutral state, nor the strongest entreaties excite him to a

armies; the cultivation of his only son, his attention to his tenantry, and the humane acts he rendered to the neighbouring poor, daily occupied his mind, which ever sickened at martial achievements. William's forces being on their march to the Boyne water, encamped on his estate; the commanding officers were kindly received by the lord, and entertained with hospitality for some few days. In one of their festive nights, when the strength of wine drowned the senses of the generals, one of them unguardedly poured invectives on the lord for receiving and refreshing fatigued veterans, who were on their way to James's camp; lord Balahana warmly replied, that he ever found delight in acts of benevolence, and was always inclined to relieve the distressed, whether friend or enemy, and their creed should never be a wall or partition against humanity; the Turk, Jew, or tawny Indian, when under the clouds of adversity, were ever welcome to the shelter of his castle. He said, he looked on the bigot of any sect who envied his brother man for his faith, as a creature divested of religion—a creature composed of rank ignorance, to whom nature and education denied their aid, and left him like the swine to wallow in the mire of his own frenzy. This reply caused the General to raise his invectives to a degree too severe for the nobleman, who, being exasperated, left the company, and retired to his chamber with a bosom full of indignation; but yet the choler did not end, but daily increased until the army of William marched for the Boyne.

Lord Balahana on the day after their departure, raised five hundred of the most healthy and robust of the neighbouring peasantry, who were fully resolved to expire with him, or be revenged

for the insult he received: these he marched off privately.

Lady Balahana, when hearing of his intention, flew from the castle in a state of distraction; having overtaken him, and to retard his determination, commenced the following expostulation:—'My lord,' said she, 'have your senses fled? or is your mind, that was so long nurtured by the calm precepts of pure humanity, become the exciter of the destruction of your family? can the tears, cries and lamentations of your companion awaken you to look with contempt on your folly? behold your only son, who has not yet beheld ten summers! view him in a defenceless state now in the blossom of his life, unacquainted with the wiles of the world! shall he witness his afflicted mother bathed in ceaseless tears in her doleful apartment? Shall his youthful cheeks receive from a mother's eyes the gushing floods of sorrows, while he reclines on her tumultuous bosom? Shall his heart that has not felt the stings of calamity, throb until exhausted by perpetual melancholy? Shall his father fall a victim to the ruthless sword of devouring war, and leave me to pine my days in the dark abyss of corroding despondency? Shall he an helpless orphan tread the intricate paths of life, without the guiding arm of parental affection?' 'My lord,' said she, 'let reason only be the object of your contemplation, then shall your eyes that roll in frenzy, and flutter on the pinions of revenge, be averted to me and your only offspring; then shall your numerous tenantry, who ever looked on you as their parent and benefactor, feel a return of happiness, to which they were ever inured to.' She could say no more; her speech failed, and she sunk in the arms of her distracted lord, who was pierced to

the heart by her expostulation. He remained silent, and in the tortures of his soul he regretted that he did not restrain his folly—too late he regretted that he had raised a formidable party, who, at that moment, were impatient to march to the camp of James. He looked with an eye, in which the trembling tear was seen on his beloved companion—a sigh disturbed his breast—he heard the whispering murmur of 'Why does he delay?' passing through the ranks, who longed to meet their enemies. His apprehension of being called a coward, at a time when every eye was fastened on him to scrutinize his courage, so wrought on his mind that he became bewildered—he paused—he sighed—at last unable to contend with the tumult of his feelings, he pressed his lady to his bosom, and left her and his child to the care of Heaven, and rode away fully confiding in the hope of victory, while his party with shouts rending the air, congratulated his valor.

Four days after he led his men to the ranks of James, and on the following day the action commenced; in which he and his men distinguished themselves to the highest degree of bravery. When William effecting a passage across the river, he to retard the progress of the prince, rushed down with his little army like a torrent to the bank, where he received a wound in the left side, to which he gave no attention, until the loss of blood caused him to faint and fall among the slain, where he lay, and at the expiration of three hours expired. Sad day to the wretched few of his posterity, who often in their contemplative moment ponder on the vicissitudes of life, and on those who were raised from obscurity to the summit of wealth and dignity.

When the dismal tidings came to the castle, lady Balahana became delirious, she ran to and fro with her hair dishevelled, her shrieks resounded through every apartment. The cries and lamentations of the domestics, mingled with those of the cottagers of the estate, and the whole hamlet presented a scene of the most awful gloom.

To add new torments to the bosom of the distracted widow, a report prevailed among the peasantry who fled from the battle, that all in the castle, men, women and children, would be slain, and the estate confiscated. The dreadful tidings caused every domestic to prepare for flight, save one waiting-maid and a butler who was reared from his infancy in the castle: these were fully resolved to remain and share the fate of their distracted lady, who witnessed their fidelity; and to them she communicated her intention of privately taking her departure by night for the city of Dublin; therefore she gave them orders to be ready at midnight, and particularly desired them to keep the affair within their own bosoms, lest the news of her departure would spread through the country, and she might be retarded on her journey.

Henry, which was the name of the faithful domestic, said, after he heard his lady's determination, that much danger would attend her on her way, because many of William's forces were stationed in towns and villages that she had to pass through; but, said he, let the result be favorable or tend to calamity, I shall be a witness of either; my life's blood shall freely flow in your defence, my lady. When a child I was sheltered in your castle, I was nurtured by your bread, and your departed lord, (whose death I shall ever lament) was my o[illegible] guar-

dian: if gratitude ever took its residence in the bosom of a domestic, my breast shall ever retain it—death, and only death shall sever my obedience and fidelity: if your ladyship will remain in the castle and not depart from your tenantry, should danger then approach, I will defend you; if you are determined to commence your journey at midnight, I shall be your respectful servant and protector. The faithful servant gave way to tears, which caused him to make an end of his kind intentions.

Lady Balahana replied, (which she delivered in the sorrows of her soul,) 'On your fidelity, Henry, I will depend: only some few days have elapsed since I was your mistress; but bereft of every happiness, and commencing the state and sorrows of a wretched exile, and now a dependant on your humanity. What vicissitudes are daily to be witnessed in life! Why should mortals confide in the vain and empty titles of the world? How many of my friends, when peace and prosperity awaited me, were my daily guests; but, since fate has frowned on me and my family they seem to dread me; they are apprehensive of evil if I only draw near to their doors! Where now is the banquet or the resounding strains of the national harp? All is fled! and the unfortunate and afflicted owner of this once favored edifice, is more to be lamented than all the objects of pity now existing. But, Henry, (said she,) delay not; prepare a post coach, and take the most unfrequented road to Dublin.' The servant did as ordered, and lady Balahana, her son, and waiting-maid, from the back door of the garden, stepped in, and the faithful butler changed his occupation, and became postillion.

From the hour midnight until seven the next evening they travelled without the smallest danger. The came within five miles of Dundalk; and, lest suspicion would surprise them, they took lodgings at a petty inn on the road side. Lady B. after taking some little refreshment, retired to her chamber, in the character of a private gentlewoman.

Henry, after supper, went to see the condition of the cattle in the stable; but great was his astonishment when he heard the words 'How do you do, Henry, my dear worthy friend and fellow servant? Bless my soul, what has brought you here?' Henry looked around and beheld an old follower of the family, whose occupation was a stable boy for many years: each were glad to have conversation; Henry, for the sake of obtaining information of the state of the country, and how he could make his way from Dundalk to Dublin without coming near Drogheda: the stable boy, on the other hand, wished to know why the post coach came, and who the travellers were. Henry brought his fellow servant to a private room, and over a pot of beer told the whole misfortune of the Balahana family, which so surprised the stable boy, that tears were the only ease of his tortured breast. Pot followed pot for a long time, and then Henry went to rest; but the other, so grieved at the misfortune of the family and the death of the lord, that he drank profusely of whiskey, and then became outrageous, crying aloud, 'What d—d English intruders dare to drive an old family to ruin? The villains killed the best of men, and now they intend to kill his lady, and have the estate to themselves!' At this time the house had three wounded veterans in it; one of which being in liquor, commenced co[illegible]

with the stable-boy, and said, 'I say, you fellow! why this noise in this here house? D—n your limbs, you disturb me; I am not to be annoyed by an *Hirish* drunkard: I loves my king and my country, and will not be disturbed by such here fellows: d—n all such fellows.'

The stable-boy exasperated with the sentiments of the veteran, loudly exclaimed, 'My soul to glory, if all the army of your Billy was at my heels, I will spake my mind; I care not if they were devils, do you see; only let Billy's men meet us on the plains of Kildare, with nothing but honest shillelaghs, and if we do not bate them, four to one, I will suffer to be drowned in the Shannon. It is easy for you English gentry to conquer us poor Irishmen, because those things you carry on your shoulders spit-fire at a body, and knock him down at once; but, use nothing but the timber, and then you will see what Irishmen are! Your army has killed my good master, lord Balahana, but his lady shall not be used so, although she is now under this roof.' In terror, the moment these words were expressed, Henry flew to the door of his mistress, and in a low tone bid her make her escape. The affrighted lady, with with her child and maid, fled through the back door, and through a potato garden at the rear of the house, leaving the coach and horses behind them.

The whole of the wretched travellers, with what raiment they could carry, took their way through a meadow that joined the garden, and through many glens and vallies, until they came to a mountain, called Carlingford. At this time the daylight appeared, and faithful Henry knew not what plan to form for their safety: at last he spied a corn field at a distance, and after

leading them through a ditch covered over with spreading thorns, he came to the entrance, through which he brought them, and then conveying them along the head land he brought them to the centre of the field, where he left them until he privately surveyed the vallies, and at the cottage of an humble peasant he purchased a small quantity of oat bread, with which he returned with speed, and set it, with a bottle of goat's milk, before the wretched family.—This was a sumptuous repast, which caused them to lift their eyes to heaven, and return thanks for such benefits. The standing corn at this time of the year shaded them from all human eyes: the weather being intensely warm, in this situation they remained for three days, while the faithful domestic employed his time in sauntering through the neighbouring villages, bringing them support, and enquiring at every favorable opportunity into the state of the country; but, to his mortification, he was an eye witness to a number of William's troops on their march to Dundalk, which town they possessed, and lay in the villages around. How to bring the lady and the rest of the unfortunate family out of their retreat, he knew not; the ocean at one side of Carlingford, and a formidable enemy at the other, left them no way to escape; yet, as necessity is ever the parent of invention, he bethought of a stratagem which he put into practice on the following evening:—The father of the stable-boy who was the cause of all their latter troubles was a fisherman, who resided at the shore, to him Henry went, it being dark he knocked at the cottage door, a voice within enquired 'Is any body there? Pull the string and walk in, if you please.' Henry did as he was desired, and beheld an old man, his wife and

two young women with their husbands, seated round a table which contained fish and potatoes; the women stood up, and immediately the stranger was invited before they knew his business, to be seated and partake of supper with them, which Henry refused, and said he came to enquire after a person of the name of Barnwell? The old man arose, and after saluting him with many bows, said, 'My name is Roger Barnwell, sir, born in this parish, and had seven children christened in it, and earned my bread as hard as any man to support my old woman and family; but what is your will, with submission?' 'Arrah, I come to know have you a son named Patrick?' replied Henry. 'Sure enough I have,' said the fisherman, 'as tight a lad as you ever saw in either a foot-ball or hurdling field, and since he was born no man can say, black is his eye; he takes a drop of whiskey now and again, and that is all, honey; I hope you have nothing against my poor boy? He had a quarrel with some of William's men I hear, but I shall know all about it on Sunday next, if I have life in my body.' 'Nothing indeed,' replied Henry 'he was my old fellow-servant during a long time, and I would wish to see him.' 'Your fellow-servant, you say? A cushlamachree! oh then, sit down and take supper, there is none more welcome, and you shall have a good bed too.'

Henry refused the kind invitation of the hospitable fisherman, who would not be prevailed upon, but made him take a seat until he was informed of his business. Henry after taking a small repast, brought the old man to the shore side, and related to him the whole melancholy account of the death of the lord, and the state of the family in the corn field, and also the dis-

pute between his son Patrick and the veterans of William. The old man, bewildered with grief and astonishment, hastened to the cottage, and made known the affair to his sons-in-law and family, who felt the same grief, and consulted the best means to mitigate the woes of the afflicted lady and her son.

The old woman, the wife of the fisherman, was born on the estate of Balahana, and reared in the kitchen, where she did all drudgery business until married. The moment she was informed of the calamity that befell the family, she bitterly lamented, and cried aloud, 'Let us go this moment, and bring them to our cottage; let not my good lady remain longer there.' The daughters, and their husbands impatiently awaited the orders of Henry, who would not agree with the inclinations of the old woman; he said, 'That if the whole of the cottage family would enter the field, they would be suspected for persons who came to do them harm; but, (said he) I will go myself to the place, and bring them to the cottage; therefore make what preparations your circumstances will permit for their reception, and you shall be rewarded for your trouble.' 'Och, jewel,' replied the old woman, 'do not speak of your rewards; think you, my jewel, I expect any thing for doing a good act? *shurely* you do not; och, as I live and breathe, I would consider myself worse than the beast of the field, if I would be so ungrateful to my lady, who is now in distress. Heaven rest her father-in-law's soul; the old lord, he was a good man, he never distressed a tenant. I was a runner about the kitchen before the young lord was born, and little thought I ever had that he would be slaughtered by the English.' Her utterance with grief was stifled, she raised

the end of her apron to her eyes, and wept bitterly.

Henry silently repaired to the field, and acquainted his lady of what passed in the cot of the fisherman, which gave her much comfort—if comfort could be found at a time when the death of her lord, and the apprehensions of her own safety disturbed her mind so much. She arose, raised her eyes to heaven, and leaning on the shoulder of her waiting-maid, slowly and pensively she followed her guide, who with his arms extended cleared off the stalks of corn that intercepted her way; her son held her by the skirt of her train, and often enquired with whispering accents, 'Are we now going home, mama? are we now going home?' These words of the unfortunate lady's only offspring were as pointed weapons to her breast; she replied, 'Speak not, my child, let not your voice be heard for a time.' The night was dark, nothing disturbed the solemn hour, but the bay of the cottage mastiffs that echoed in the neighbouring vales. Weakly and terrified she still followed Henry; every shrub and tree that appeared to her, was, by her imagination, a soldier armed and preparing to slay her; the breeze that softly glided on her ear, was the voice of the trumpet sounding a retreat. In this state of fearful apprehensions she moved on, almost exhausted, until she came to the cot of the benevolent and honest fisherman: a gentle tap was given, after which the the door was opened for the reception of the hapless train; the floor was cleanly swept, the hearth-stone rubbed to a polish, and the blaze of the ash fire glistened on the ancient pewter that adorned the dresser; the family of the cottage arose—every tongue was mute; the old woman and her daughter stood

with simplicity, and in silence made known their obedience by many graceful courtesies, while the men with their heads uncovered, (which were often rubbed down by their hands) made many low bows to express the respect due to so noble a visitor. The old man, after making several attempts to speak, addressed the sorrowful widow thus: 'Your ladyship is welcome to my little habitation; I could wish it were better for your ladyship's sake.' 'Och, och,' cried the old woman, 'sure, if it was a house of gold we would not think it half fine enough for her honour.' The features of the two daughters smiled a welcome to their guest, while they silently stood, drawing their apron strings through their fingers. The old oak chair was well wiped and placed for her ladyship, who with humility occupied it. The mastiff several times growled, but was chastised by one of the sons, who, though vexed, excused him to the waiting-maid and young lord, by saying, 'Although he is peevish to strangers, yet he never *hurted* any body.'

After lady Balahana was seated, and her maid and son were placed on stools near to the fire, she said in a faint voice, 'I hope, happy cottagers, I have not disturbed you; I shall ever record your benevolence, and I place the greatest confidence in your protection: let not my appearance cause any preparation to be made for my reception; I shall feel happy with being under your peaceful and contented roof.' 'Aye, my lady,' replied the fisherman, 'I hope that my cottage shall be to you as a home, for my part, do ye see, jewel, I thought my old woman would break her heart, when she heard of your trouble, for her father was all his life time in his lordship's family, and she was born on the estate,

and was many years kitchen-maid;' he was interrupted by his companion, who, with her apron to her eyes, cried, 'Sure enough I was; (heaven be their bed,) better lords never broke the world's bread; the father was an angel, and so was his son; many poor orphans will miss them both. Och, jewel, if they are not happy, what will become of others? When I look at the young noble *creter* at the fire there, I feel my very heart burst asunder; he is the very *picter* of his own sweet father.' She could utter no more—she sobbed, and a real tear of honest pity flowed down her cheek, which when the lady beheld, she said, 'Weep not, thou affectionate matron, weep not for me; the tears of your affection cause my breast to throb; be serene, and tell me how long since you lived with the old lord?' 'Twenty-four years, your ladyship, since I was married, and the following Lamas I took this cottage, and remain her since;' 'Oh, you came a long journey from the Balahana estate to dwell in this sequestered place,' said the lady;' 'Oh, arrah,' replied the old woman, 'this is my poor man's native spot, and he would not leave it for all the world; his father was a fisherman and all his family, and I have been so long here that I should not wish to leave it: we are content and happy—we have no care, only pay the rent; but, heaven help your ladyship, all your riches could not prevent your trouble. Oh, jewel, I wonder that people of fortune should not be happy; but I shall say no more, but do my best to make you happy: heaven give you comfort, and your little boy too, sweet *creter*, he is not used to poor fishermen's cottages. Well, you see how the world goes; I never thought when I was in the old lord's kitchen, that I should see his grandson

in my poor little place, but, cottage or palace, no matter now, he shall be the same as one of my own children, and I will engage, when he becomes used to the place, he will not fret a day after.' 'Benevolent and guiless cottager,' replied the lady, 'what consolation do I find from your kind expressions, your heart is replete of sincerity; and, although education has denied you sublimity of utterance, yet nature has bestowed on you the gift of humanity, which you display without the hope of reward; you grant me shelter of your cottage—yes, you freely bestow a shelter to the unfortunate exile, who these many nights past had only the canopy of heaven for a covering, and the chilly bosom of the earth to repose on. What information does adversity yield to those who are reared in affluence; they know no more than what drawing-room conversation can give; luxury and vanity hides them from a true knowledge of the world; therefore, ignorance is their parent, their preceptor, and their guide. My heart with gratitude to you, ye humble and benevolent people, shall ever glow.' The lady would have said more in praise of the cottagers, but being alarmed by a knock at the door, she ceased, started, and turned pale —a profound silence prevailed, and all gazed on each other in consternation. The knock was repeated, with a heavy groan and a mournful sigh; the lady trembled; the old man arose, his grey locks stood erect, the lineament of his features blazed with courage, and his knitted brows, while his fiery eyes darted to the portal, shewed that he was determined to aid affliction with even the hazard of his life: an oaken staff, which laid carefully under his rushy couch, was immediately brought forth, and with a voice loud as the tempest he had often braved,

he enquired who knocked? with a faintly accent outside he was answered, 'For heaven's sake let a poor creature in, who is benighted, and has no place to lay her head.' 'Walk in,' said Madge, (which was the name of the tender hostess,) 'and let us see you—pull the string.' The door opened, and a form appeared, pale with sorrow, and bent with the weight of sixty summers; a can, filled with the fragments of a kitchen, hung on her nerveless arm—a mantle, patched with pieces of many colours, covered her tottering frame; the mastiff growled, but was silenced by the command of Madge. The mendicant was ordered to take a seat: she blest the owners of the cottage, and sat near to lady Balahana, who felt happy to have the conversation of a sister in adversity.

After the mendicant had recovered her breath, which was much debilitated by reason of her efforts to reach the cottage, she looked stedfastly in the face of the lady, and then addressed her in the following manner: 'Should the offspring of sorrow presume to trace the features of noble birth, I think I would recognise your ladyship, whose humanity has often extended to me.' The lady became pale and trembled, and with a weakly voice said, 'Surely you mistake me for the person whom you say has been your benefactor?' The stranger shook her palsied head, and replied, 'My good lady Balahana, many strange things have I beheld in my days, and nothing has given me more surprise than your appearance here this night.' 'Eternal mercy!' exclaimed the lady, 'how have you been acquainted with me? I never saw you in my life before; tell me, I pray, where you have seen me? you have amazed me, and given me much cause of apprehension.'

'Be not disturbed,' said the wandering supplicant, 'although your castle is nearly one hundred miles distant, I have often been at your gate, and from your hand obtained relief, which was not given with ostentation, but with true pity that ever stands on record in the mansions of felicity.'

Henry, who at this time sat with his hand under his head, contemplating on the calamity of his mistress, raised his eyes and recognised the stranger, and then spoke to her with a voice stern as his knitted brows, and said, 'What has brought you to this cottage to-night? Had you no place of residence until you came here?' 'Young man,' replied the mendicant, 'do not afflict the afflicted by scrutiny; I am a wretched wanderer, led by fate through many labyrinths of woe, (for what reason I know not;) I am but mortal, therefore the mortal eye is unable to explore the mysterious ways of ruling Providence: if fortune to you has been a kind parent, and profusely strewed her gifts in your path through life, look not with contempt on the wretched; fortune is ever fickle, and often sports with mortals when she leads them to the acclivity, where they think their happiness is to be found, and there to be substantial; but, before they reach the ascent, she withdraws her arm, and leaves them to wail their folly in confiding in her affection. My father, (said she,) was an estated man, and I was his only child; I was educated with attention; I was idolized by my friends; I was the subject of the festive board, yet I knew not the world—I was prejudiced by ignorance, while vanity was my guide; but when I fell, I beheld human nature in its true garb, and obtained information which would be denied, were I to continue in prosperity;

therefore, (said she) hurt not the feelings of those who have trodden the windings of adversity, but rather show them respect, and yield them pity—if pity can be found in those who are unacquainted with the world.' She ceased, and a tear trickled down her pallid cheek, which was wiped off by the tattered corner of her handkerchief.

Lady Balahana then, with respect due to her rank, sex and age, enquired of her how far she intended to go on the next day.

'My lady,' replied the mendicant, 'all places to me are alike; I have no home, no place of shelter but what humanity shall render, yet, amid my trials, I have a hope of substantial happiness far above this dreary vale in which poor mortals sojourn. I have passed sixty years and more; nature cannot always be at our call to invigorate us on our way; infirmities combine against me, and every pain I feel raises my mind to immortal bliss. But, my lady, may I presume to enquire of you, what is the cause of your residence in this humble abode?' 'Sister in adversity,' replied lady Balahana, 'the death of my lord, who has fallen in the conflict of the Boyne, and the apprehensions of my own safety, has caused me to quit my castle, and crave a shelter from the benevolent owners of this peaceful retreat.' The mendicant raised her handkerchief to her eyes again, and wiped the gushing floods that copiously flowed down her care-worn visage, and said, 'Oh, my lady, is this the wretched state you are now placed in? would that a poor and helpless female as I am, could render you comfort at this season of deep calamity—may ruling Heaven look on your sorrows, and may the Omnipotent arm lead you safely from the malignity of your enemies.'

The lady, with a sigh, thanked the mendicant for her prayer. Each in their turn passed the night in conversation, until the hour of rest.—The mendicant laid near to the lady on a bundle of rushes in the corner of the cottage. The noble visitant contemplated on the contrast between her castle and her new and humble abode.

The next day the whole of the inhabitants of the cottage consulted the best means of sending the lady to Dublin: some gave one, and some another, until the old fisherman spoke in the following manner: 'I think,' said he to his two sons, 'that by having her ladyship and her attendants privately embarked in our boat, we could convey them to Dublin; for every body knows that I get my bread by the sea, and there will be no remarks on me if we can get the family safely on board.' To this plan the whole agreed; and the mendicant, to prevent any discovery, proposed to lend her old raiment to her ladyship until she would embark; 'For,' said she, 'although they may go at night time, it will be better to appear in disguise; for should any cottager, at any hour see a person of distinction passing by their door, they would be curious enough to follow and enquire who the person was. Human nature is not to be confided in; our greatest friend would, perhaps, when the temptation of reward would offer, be informers. I am an old woman, who have witnessed many vicissitudes, and scrutinized many persons, in whom I thought I could confide if in danger, but found them, by their conduct to others, that they would be my enemies were I in their power. By being watchful of our fellow mortals, and not trusting to them, will prevent our calamity, and retard them of doing what is dis-

graceful to nature; I shall not rank all mortals alike, for although of one species, yet you will find honor often in the most indigent character, and in the pampered knave a self interest, which mingles with a low cunning; therefore, my lady, since heaven has led you to a family remote from guile, unacquainted with the wiles of the world and humane in disposition, go to sea, and let my counsel excite you to disguise yourself until you embark.'

The lady agreed to the advice of the mendicant, and on the following evening prepared to trust to the restless ocean and the kind fisherman and his sons, rather than attempt a journey by land to Dublin.

The last rays of the setting sun first tinged the door of the cottage, a condensed fog succeeded, all was still except the bosom of the unfortunate lady, who, when changing her raiment, yielded sighs which were heard by the cottagers, whose commisseration was great. The waiting-maid appeared in the character of Madge, whose prayers where given for their voyage.

The whole of the adventurers assembled at the threshold; faithful Henry supported the arm of his mistress, and held the young lord by the hand, who was blessed by the two daughters who stood in the rear. Madge still invoked heaven for their protection, until the old man kindled his pipe, and said, 'Come now, in the name of St. Patrick,' then placing his oaken staff under his arm, he led them to the shore without the knowledge of any of the neighbouring cottagers.

With trembling steps the timid lady embarked with her only offspring and faithful attendants; the moon arose, and the silver tide bore them away from the view of the humble yet hospita-

ble cottage. But, as fate was not content with the griefs of the unfortunate lady, a storm arose at midnight, which continued for two days and nights, the vessel being tossed by the tempest to and fro, and every hour the crew expected to sink in the deep, she was driven on the coast of Scotland; the fisherman and his sons made every effort to land, but the wind veered and drove them on the coast of Newry. Here the crew made an attempt to land, but in vain, for the storm still continued and the tide against them, therefore all hopes were lost of reaching the shore; at last they gave themselves up to the mercy of the ocean, and resolved to let the vessel go which way the wind should take her.—After three hours they found themselves driven in to a small creek, five miles above Newry; then, with all the struggles in their power, they reached the land about eleven at night; they made their way to a valley between two small hills, where they passed the remainder of the night.

Henry, to render every comfort that he could for his mistress, went to a neighbouring village and purchased a loaf of bread from a poor cottager, whom he called from his bed, and hastened again to the vale. The fisherman entreated the lady to go to the village, where he could obtain a lodging; but she, being terrified, could not be persuaded by him.

The morning again appeared, and the sea became calm; the kind fisherman and his sons prepared for sea, assuring the lady that he would bring her safe to Dublin; but she would not venture: she said, that she would rather trust to a land journey than hazard her life again upon the sea. Henry and the maid were much terrified at making another voyage, and said they

would rather travel by night, and shelter themselves at day; yet, to these resolutions the kind and tender sons of Neptune paid no attention, but persevered in their expostulations, intimating that while the country was in a state of hostility, many gangs of robbers and plunderers would often intercept them in their way, and that they would be in danger every hour. 'My good lady,' said the fisherman, 'if we have had a storm these two days, we will have good weather again, and, a cushlamechree, you shall be safe with us until you come to the very city, and your little boy shall be taken good care of: take the counsel of an old man, who, by the powers, would lose the last drop of his blood for any of the family.' Then, turning to Henry, he cries, 'What sort of a chicken-hearted man must you be, to dread a bit of a storm! why, you have terrified the lady and the maid, the *craters* would not be afraid, only for you.'

Lady Balahana, with tears that fell in floods, and that bathed her sorrowful cheeks, replied, 'Friend and protector of me and my child, while lingering life in me remains, I shall remember with the most profound gratitude your kind attention; the acts of humanity that I and my attendants have witnessed, will ever, I hope, stand on record and be inscribed in the immortal volume above: when I came divested of happiness to your cottage, when I humbly appeared a wandering exile, you sheltered me, you consoled me, and for my sake you did hazard your life—for me you braved the angry swelling ocean, you looked with contempt on the raging billows, while you used every effort to bring me safe to the metropolis, where I may yet arrive; and, if kind Heaven will be pleased to quell the terrific apprehensions of my mind, and that

peace will once more govern our wretched country, and that I can live on my estate without terror, I shall remember the cottage where I craved for shelter; I shall ever remember your hospitable family, and render gratitude for the attention bestowed on me now. May ruling Heaven protect you and your sons, and return to your cottage, and when night comes, Henry shall be my guide through the mountain; he is well acquainted with the country, and I hope we shall safely arrive at the metropolis, in some few days' 'Well, madam,' replied the fisherman, 'if I go with you, what odds will it make? I think I know the country as well as Henry, or all the Henrys in the parish; here I am, your ladyship, sixty-two years of age next Patrick's day, (if I live so long) and I find myself as sound as a trout, and hardy as a jack snipe, and, by the powers, never afraid of any mother's son that was ever born; I am as quiet as a lamb, until raised, then it is hard to put me down; so let your ladyship only say the word that I should be one of your attendants, or servants, or guides, or what you please to call me, and I am at your service at a moment's warning; but no matter, whether you choose me or not, I never will quit you until I see you safe in the city, and while a drop of Irish blood stands in Paddy Mc. Dowal's veins he will stand to your ladyship; he wants no rewards nor ceremonies about it. Heaven, rest the soul of him that is gone; he was the jewel of a lord, that never put a poor man to his shifts, nor made a thief of an agent, nor to distress poor widows, and shall I see that sweet little *crater* his son hopping through bogs and mountains like a turkey in stubble, without leading him by the hand? och, no, madam, my poor heart since it

was born, never was at ease when I saw my fellow *crater* in distress.' Poor, yet noble Mc. Dowal's breast throbbed, a tear of real pity ran down his tempest-beaten cheek, which he strove to conceal in the patched sleeve of his jacket—it was a tear clear as pure humanity could shed, not roused by the hypocritical effort of a deceitful heart, which when lady B. beheld, she turned aside to her waiting-maid, and said, 'I never yet witnessed a more humane character; in him, (said she) is friendship without interest, therefore I shall not retard his noble intention; he shall go with us, and if fate in compassion to our woes, will at any time, withdraw the rod of affliction; Mc. Dowal, oh, Mc. Dowal, you shall ever share my gratitude; was I to live until the stars of heaven would fall from their spheres, thy family should be held in esteem for your kindness at this season of dire calamity.' 'Let not your ladyship,' said Mc. Dowal, 'make any fuss about me, only now prepare to come along with me about half-a-mile to a friend's house, where you shall pass the day without fear, and when the night comes, then we will begin our journey, and may St. Patrick, who often trod on this very spot that your ladyship stands on now, be our protection till we arrive in the city.' 'Amen,' replied the sons, 'and may she again see her own sweet castle, and if she be willing that we should go, she may only ask and we are ready.' 'Hold your tongues, my lads,' said Mc. Dowal, 'do you know, you pair of brats, that the more persons who would go, the greater remarks would be made; do you not think I am able myself to stand at her ladyship's back? leave the whole to myself, and do not trouble yourselves about us; go aboard, and when you see my old woman, tell her the business I am

on, and that is enough; she knows before you were born, that I was always able to take my own part—so now away, my boys, and say no more.' The two young men, after imploring Heaven for the safety of the lady, departed.

Mc. Dowal, after once or twice bowing to the lady, conveyed her to the cottage of a widow; he knocked at the door, and said in Irish, after he entered, 'Heaven bless all here; how do you do, widow Flannagan?' The widow, amazed at the appearance of a lady, arose, laid by her wheel, and saluted her with all the politeness her humble faculties could admit; then, going to the bed-room, brought the best stool, and said, 'Be sated, madam, I hope you have no objection to my cottage?' she then, confused, prepared bosses, composed of straw, for the remainder of her visitants. Mc. Dowal called her to the door, and whispered to her who her guest was. The kind hostess, more amazed than before, was not deficient in uttering many welcomes for a person of her rank, and ran here and there through the cottage in a bustle, using her endeavours to make the lady as comfortable as her humble means could afford. Breakfast was prepared, and the whole of the company found much satisfaction with the hospitality of the widow, who, during the day, kept conversation with the lady, for the intent of dispelling dull contemplation. Many subjects were introduced to pass away time, none of which attracted the attention of lady B. but the narrative the widow gave of her own life, which she related as follows:—'My father,' said she, 'was an humble and honest farmer, whose whole care was to accumulate a little property for his children, who all died except myself. I, being

the last of his offspring, and had a healthy constitution, became the idol of him and my mother from the rising until the setting of the sun. My father pursued industry, nor was my mother in her domestic sphere less attentive. When I arrived at the age of eighteen I was married, by the consent of my parents, to the son of a neighbouring farmer, who was beloved by the inhabitants of the hamlet for his conduct and industry. After the death of his parents and mine, we obtained the two farms which they occupied; we daily increased in wealth for upwards of twenty years, during which time we reared three sons and three daughters. No family enjoyed more rural happiness than we, until on a fatal day, a gentleman from the south of Ireland came to reside in this country, and made a purchase of an estate that joined our land, therefore he became our neighbour; he was a man of a noble mind, humane and friendly to all around him; he had one son in whom the fond parent delighted, and hoped in old age to see him an honor to his grey hairs, but he was disappointed in his expectation, for instead of following the paths of honor he became a libertine, and the destruction of many innocent females of the neighbourhood; and not content with the sorrows he brought on the brows of poor care-worn parents, by hellish flattery he drew my eldest daughter of sixteen years to shame and ruin, which when her father perceived, took a lingering decline, and kept his bed for upwards of six months; finding himself near to his end, he divided the property amongst the five children, leaving not a pound to his unfortunate child; after dying of a broken heart, my eldest son, to be revenged of the ruin of his sister, met the seducer at a fair, where with him he quar-

relled, and died of a wound he received in his forehead. My other two sons, finding their family falling to decay, became spendthrifts, and by extravagance, wasted their properties; then they enlisted in the army, and were slain in the late wars abroad. She who was the cause of all our affliction privately left the country, nor could I nor any of her friends, since her departure, obtain information whether she is dead or in what part of the world she exists. My last two daughters I joined to respectable peasants, and had a hope in my old days, that their happiness would be a consolation to me; but, in less than seven years, their husbands died, leaving each of them with a family of three children. They for a time strove to manage the affairs of their little farms, but, the failure of crops, and the advantages taken of them by their landlord, soon reduced their circumstances; wherefore, one by incessant grief died, leaving three orphans, who are now with the relations of her deceased husband. The last of all my children still remains in her widowhood, striving to rear and educate her offspring to the utmost of her power. The little property that fell to my share after the death of my dear companion, so wasted, that at last I was necessitated to sell my few acres of land, and commenced shop business, in which I failed, by giving more credit than my circumstances could afford; driven to deep necessity, the parson of the parish made me a present of this humble cottage, and what I earn by my wheel just obtains food, while the parish bestows on me raiment once a year, for which I shall ever be thankful to ruling heaven.' A tear trembled on the widow's cheek when she ended her narrative, and a heavy sigh and groan disturbed her aged and afflicted bosom.

'You have amazed me,' said lady B. 'with the many vicissitudes you have witnessed in your days.' 'I told you these scenes of humane misery,' replied the widow, 'to draw your mind, my lady, from the recollection of your former happiness, and also to remind you, that while we mortals sojourn in this vale of calamity, we are daily to be intercepted on our way by trials, to bring us to a knowledge of ourselves; for were we, like the infant babe, to be nurtured by the paps of our mother nature, and cherished at every moment, we would whimper, we would be pampered in ignorance and vanity; and like the uncultivated bumpkin in the company of the learned, be unfit for the assembly of immortals.'

Astonishment fastened the eyes of lady B. on the widow, when, after a long survey in silence, she averted to her waiting-mad, and said, 'Many parties I have been in, and many subjects I have heard among the giddy and the gay, yet have not received such information This afflicted matron, whose employ is her wheel, and whose tutor is adversity, has caused me to look with contempt on the momentary pleasures of this transitory world. What knowledge have I gained when at home in affluence? how far have I journeyed? only from my hall to my room, where I have not met, nor could meet the child of calamity; no path was there for the weary pilgrim of the earth to pass through, that, while on his way, I might have enquired of him what kind of place was the world: the battlements of vanity had invironed me, and the wild conversation of brilliant assemblies dispelled sage contemplation; therefore, like the feathered prisoner of the cage, I was confined to dignity, while I lost the whole view of the scene of human

nature.' She then, turning her discourse to the widow, said 'Sage matron, although your humble abode is seldom the reception of the great, yet many would find a treasure in possessing ideas like your own.' 'Ah, my lady,' replied the widow, 'I do not flatter myself with a thought that I possess wisdom; I am but a poor mortal, that have only a momentary existence; some few moments have elapsed since I received my birth, and now with the most profound amaze I look around on creation, I survey nature, I survey myself, and the greater scrutiny I make, the greater is my astonishment; but, had my eyes, that were often watered by streams of adversity, pursued vanity, they would be now, like the blind mole, unacquainted with all but the dungeon, where nought could be found but ignorance.'

The conversation of the widow, until sunset, still gave more astonishment to the lady, who was convinced that all the libraries in the universe could not produce the portion of knowledge that the intricate windings of adversity would yield.

The tingling sheep bells were heard passing the cottage door, and the ploughboy whistling, while returning from the toil of the day, told that the shades of night were advancing. Mc. Dowal arose and walked up and down the floor—awhile he silently stood at the threshold—then buttoned his jacket up to the collar, he came forward and thus addressed the lady:—'I think the whole hamlet is now silent; all is at rest; and, my lady, let us prepare for our journey: if your ladyship will be able to walk any length, I hope before morning we will put fifteen miles behind us; but the poor little *creter* (Heaven pity him!) will feel the road rough

enough. Och, jewel, if the dead knows any thing of the living, his dear father must be uneasy in his very soul; for my part, I will do all I can for him, poor child; my soul to goodness, if he was my own son I could not feel more for him. And you, master Henry, must put him on your back, crossing the mountain, and so will I too; and by helping him on now and again, he will not be so much tired; for who could expect a poor little *creter* like him, to travel like one of ourselves.' The tender and honest guide placed his staff under arm, tied his shoe-strings, and after taking leave of the widow, said, 'Come now, my lady, fellow me, and don't open your lips till we get at the other side of the mountains: there is nothing like a close mouth.' The lady arose; the widow, with tears in her eyes, wished her a safe journey.

The silent travellers took their way through many bye roads and glens, and passed on until they came to the mountains, (it was six o'clock in the morning,) when they took their shelter in a cavern. Henry, having provided rushes for the repose of the lady, her son and maid, then hastened to a village to purchase provision, and returned in a short time. The whole of the travellers took breakfast, which consisted of bread of the coarsest sort, and goats' milk.

Lady B. contemplated on the contrast between her castle and the cave—on dignity and humility; the latter, which was the greatest treasure to the human heart, and the only comfort when perplexed by calamity.

Henry and Mc. Dowal left the cave, for the intent of enquiring at the scattered cottages, the state of the country, well knowing that no danger could attend the lady in their absence. The maid, to console her mistress, brought forth

many subjects concerning patience in trials, and often called her recollection to the widow's narrative on the night before. Lady B. said, 'That since the account the widow gave of herself, I have found much consolation; wherefore, I am convinced, that many mortals have their turn of tribulation—and that tribulation is the only tutor for mortal beings.'

The lady and the maid, to pass time, kept up conversation during the absence of Henry and Mc. Dowal; but suddenly they were alarmed by a hollow groan, which they conceived to be in the cave. Each started, and gazed in terror, nor could either utter a sentence.—Again the groan was repeated, and then a hollow voice succeeded, as if in prayer and supplication. Harriet, (which was the name of the maid,) spied a glimmer through a cavity of the wall, and trembling approached it; and to her great astonishment, found that the place in which they were, was only the portal or entrance to a hermit's abode. Lady B. collecting what courage her sex and constitution could summons, went to where Harriet stood, and in the apartment beheld an aged man on his knees--he was a tall ghastly form, his beard descended to his breast, his hair like flax, red as blood were his eyes, that seemed to sink in their sockets; before him was a stone table, on which lay a human skull, two arm bones, an hour-glass, a crucifix, and a dark lantern emitting a faintly ray on the awful exhibition. Lady B. became faintish, and leaned on the shoulder of Harriet, who, in faltering accents, said, 'Fear not, madam, that pallid form you view will not injure us; he seems to be person who has fled the world, and is supplicating for an everlasting one.' 'That may be,' replied the lady, 'yet I find my eyes

grow dim, and a cold damp bedews my frame.' The lady swooned, and the young lord shrieked; the hermit arose in the deepest consternation; he opened a narrow door, and appeared: on beholding a trembling female supporting her mistress, who at this time was falling to the floor, he ran and gave his assistance, and cried, 'Heaven! what do I see, my children? why this weakness of nature? what has caused this scene?' 'Pardon us, sage and holy mortal,' replied Harriet, 'for presuming to enter your hallowed abode.' 'Talk not of presumption,' cried the hermit, 'but tell me why this saint-like lady faints?' 'Curiosity,' said Harriet, 'when hearing a dismal moan, led us to explore the cause—she beheld the table, and saw you at prayer; she then became pale, and trembling, swooned in my arms.' The hermit ordered Harriet to assist him in carrying the lady to the cave door, where the open air would render her strength: Harriet instantly complied; and after some few minutes, the helpless lady lifted her eyes, and beheld the sage and pale mortal of devotion. After she recovered her speech, she enquired of him, was she free from danger? 'Yes;' replied the hermit, 'the Ruling Power above has led you to the cell of devotion, where the giddy crowds of life seldom resort, nor where envy nor vice have a residence. I am your guardian—my sword is the Word of the Most High, and my shield is Faith; let not apprehensions of terror disturb you; be strong in Him who has the reins of omnipotence in his hands—and fear not.'

The lady replied, 'I am a child of sorrow, and ever to remain, while on this tragic stage life; despair, terror, and incessant woes, are guests that daily occupy my bosom.' 'These

may be evils for the present,' said the hermit; 'yet, they may be instruments sent by Providence, to dispel from that bosom tenants of a more dangerous kind—such as pride, vanity and hatred, and many others that mortal breasts are subject to, if the storms of adversity do not with vehemence beat against them. But, child of affliction, let us talk no more at this period; let us retire to my gloomy habitation, and there converse. Twenty winters' tempests have marred my brows, and pierced my hoary locks, since I fled from the world, and fixed my abode within this rock; and, during that long space, no mortal yet has been my visitant, but you and these friends.'

The lady leaned on Harriet's shoulder, and with feeble steps followed the hermit, who, with the politeness of a bred gentleman, slowly walked before her. After entering the apartment, he trimmed his lamp, which reflected a sickly glimmer around the dark walls. The lady and maid took their seats on two stone chairs, hewn by the hermit; who then, taking the young lord by the hand, said, 'Sweet youth, you appear to me to have been reared in a mansion; not innured to the gloom that presents itself to you. At present there is a contrast between the cell of contemplation and the house of joy and festivity: the latter is only momentary; but the other, causes the eye of the student to trace the boundless space of creation, and to look with contempt on the vanity of this fleeting world. This crucifix which you see, my child, reminds me of Him, who left the highest seat in heaven. The skull and arm bones or other I shall be like ids me watch; for I kn ll be called

give an account of my deeds in the flesh. I perceive, (said he) that all the gaiety your youthful days beheld, has not yet given the information to you, that this awful and silent abode now presents.'

The hermit then took his seat near the lady, and said, 'Madam, to be inquisitive, is a part of rudeness; yet, I trust you will pardon me, who have witnessed the vicissitudes of life, and I only enquire the cause of your visit here, for the intent of giving you consolation, if you stand in need of it?' 'Sage father,' replied the lady, 'when the soul is burthened by the heavy pressure of calamity, the panting bosom finds ease, when the cause is made known to the son of sympathy.' She then informed him of her departure from the castle—her escape from the tempestuous ocean—and her terrors until she came to his abode.

The hermit cast eyes on the ground—he remained for a time in silent meditation, and then said, 'Heaven is wise in all its ways, to bring you, my lady, from the summit of dignity to the miserable state of calamity, for the intent of giving you a clear view of the world. Do not despair, nor let a sigh disturb your bosom. The death of your lord, I must confess, is a loss which is hard to sustain, without a depression of the mind; but, when you contemplate on the uncertainty of life, and take a survey of nature, I trust you will be more reconciled to the will of Providence. You are now like the shattered barge in a tempestuous ocean, tossed to and fro by the winds of adversity; when the calm sea of prosperity gently carried you through life, you did not crave the aid of a pilot; but, now were taught by experience to look for a port, where no tempests are heard, but one incessant

scene of tranquility and unfading happiness.—I am the son of a nobleman, whose possessions were very extensive; I was his only child—in me he centred all his happiness. After his decease I possessed the fortune, that with much attention he accumulated for me; and, like the full fledged nestling that forsakes its abode, and trusts to the strength of its own pinions, I took my flight through life, thinking that riches would ever obtain acquaintance with the pleasure of this world. I enjoyed, with a mind elated, and with a desire to feed every vain demand of ambition, assemblies of the first rank I joined, and fancied myself a man of information, yet I abounded in rank ignorance. Having some trifling knowledge of the classics, after spending some few years in an university, I looked with dark contempt on those who were educated by adversity; the man who had witnessed men and manners, while linked with the arm of fate, I shunned, because he could not compare with me in fortune. Ambition even led me to seek the title of member for the borough in which I was reared. I became a candidate in the election, confiding in my friends, and wasting my fortune, which my parent with care had gathered; but, to my astonishment, I was rejected; and found, that the most humble and unlettered peasant, who would stand uncovered in my presence, saw in me, what, with all my fancied education, I could not explore in myself. Cut to the quick at the disappointment, I became a peevish character; amongst my giddy companions, I could not bear a word spoken in [illegible] I attempted to solicit for [illegible] though ignorant, I thought [illegible] apply to raise myself to [illegible]dly, humane and chari-

table to all—to have my name in benevolent subscriptions, and that my contributions should exceed any on the list, given through ostentation. This practice I followed for three years: my gates were ever open to the unfortunate; all houses of worship that were erecting, within fifty miles of my estate, received my benefactions, until the time of my struggle for the seat of dignity; but, to my mortification, I was again rejected. With greater contempt than before, all persons who knew me, were confident that all I did, were for my own interest. In a state of frenzy, I went abroad, determined to seek pleasures in strange countries, for the anxieties I suffered in my own. The theatres of Paris I visited, and the most brilliant assemblies of that city I joined. My ignorance was often derided by polite Frenchmen, who look upon persons of the highest rank, as idiots, if they are not acquainted with the manners and customs of themselves. Being on a night in one of my assemblies, I was ridiculed by a young French officer, wherefore I sent him a challenge—he attended at the ground—we fought, and the unfortunate man fell by a ball he received in his breast.—Instead of feeling a remorse of conscience, for sending my fellow-mortal to eternity in an unprepared state, I found a pleasure in having my name made known to the city, as a brave man. A rich nobleman's wife, at this time, being spoken of for her beauty, I used all my efforts to become acquainted with her husband. We meet at the theatre, where I was not deficient, at every opportunity, of seeking his conversation. At length I observed that he noticed me with a degree of respect, which intimated his desire of my company at his house. This was all I sought for; and before the comedy ended, I had an in-

vitation to dinner on the following day. As creatures, who abound in ignorance and vice, have always a low cunning which the man of information is ever a stranger to, I, to make myself appear a man of honor, acted with demeanour in the presence of my new acquaintance at table, and conversed with such art, that he looked on me with respect; and every day I visited him, the greater became his esteem for me. Six months I continued in being his chief guest, before I made an attempt to bring his wife to ruin. At length I applied every artifice, and some weeks after, took her off to the interior of Spain. We did not remain long there, until we were pursued by her husband, who came to the house we occupied, and entered the room where we sat at breakfast. Only judge the state of his mind, and the state of his companion, who abandoned him for me. For my part, I felt no way grieved at beholding my sincere friend, whose countenance expressed the tumult of his feelings: he cast a glance of revenge on me, and said, 'Cursed and perfidious wretch! hast thou destroyed my peace? hast thou deprived me of all the happiness of life? art thou not the instrument of all my sorrows?' I arose, and with an air of derision commanded him to leave the room. He, being exasperated to the greatest degree, and in a state of frenzy, drew a pistol from his pocket, and fired, but missed me. I then, feeling a delight in having an opportunity of ending his existence, plunged a table knife into his heart. The owner of the inn which I occupied, on hearing the report of the pistol, hastened to the room, where he saw the lifeless body weltering in its gore: I declared I knew him not, and said he was an assassin, who came to take my life; and, in my

own defence, I was necessitated to punish him for his intentions. None being in his company on his travels, none appeared at the day of trial, to shew his reason for coming to my apartment; whereforé, I was acquitted, with the respect due to a man of courage and honor; but, could I be acquitted in the court above, where justice alone stands prevalent. The unfortunate lady whom I seduced, did not long survive her husband; his death so affected her, that she became quite melancholy, and took a decline, which when I found her to labour under, I forsook her, and left her in a strange country to feel the stings of remorse, and in despondency expire, without the consolation of friends or acquaintance at her lastest moments. I, after stopping some months abroad, took shipping for London, where I passed the winter and spring in debauchery. I wrote to my agents for fresh supplies of money, charging them to distress, without pity, all who were in arrears: to this command they soon complied; many poor tenants, whose forefathers held their possessions, were driven out of doors, and left no place of shelter for their miserable families. A faithful servant, who attended me for upwards of eight years, and whose father was born on my estate, for only slumbering at the hour of two in the morning, when I knocked for admission, I killed with a blow of a kitchen poker: his friends were determined to bring me to justice; but a large sum of money retarded their intentions, and the murder of my honest domestic was kept private. A poor tradesman, who buried his wife, and having an only daughter of eighteen years old to struggle for, hoping she would be a comfort to him in his declining years; he withheld no expense that his circumstances could afford, to

have her instructed in different branches of literature; but I, with wily flattery, seduced her; wherefore, the careworn parent died of a broken heart; and, after twelve months, I banished his unfortunate daughter, who ranged the city in search of friends; but, finding all eyes closed against her, she betook to the cell of infamy, where she remained, and became the daughter of iniquity. To add to the measure of my crimes, I still practised every kind of evil that human nature could suggest, until I returned to my estate, where I remained three years. During that space, I took a wife of respectable connexions; who, not being innured to immorality, took grief at my manner of life, and only lived eighteen months. Her death gave me not the least concern; nor, in all my abominable actions, did I feel the slightest remorse, until one day returning from the chase, I met at my gate a wretched mendicant; he bore a long staff—his legs were covered with sores—and his grey locks carelessly spread on his bent shoulders; he trembling hobbled awhile; the winds beat his pale visage: I enquired of him, why he should dare to come near my mansion? He replied, 'I am the son of calamity, and applied here to obtain the wants of life.' I said, with contempt, that he ought to use the weapon of death, rather than endure a life so miserable. 'True, my son,' said he, 'if by such an act, I would be certain of obtaining an everlasting life, without such pains as I now endure.' 'Miserable wrecth,' said I, 'end thy days, and be done with thy sorrow; none but cowards would refuse to die.' The mendicant lifted his eyes to heaven, and said in a low tone, 'Almighty Father! have pity on him; give him knowledge of himself; let him not be longer in ignorance.'

He pursued his way, and left me to ponder on his words. 'Ignorance!' I cried; the word pierced me; still I contemplated, and often expressed the word, 'Ignorance.' 'I should,' said I, 'follow that wretch, and chastise him for his insolence: have I not received education in the university? am I not acquainted with the languages of the ancients? have I not been in the most brilliant assemblies? and now to be looked on by that miserable mortal, as one without knowledge!' I pursued him, and with my whip striped him several times on his aged shoulders. He patiently endured the power of my merciless arm, and said, 'Fellow-mortal, only have pity on one, who has, these ten years past, been chastised by the ruling arm of Heaven; yet, if thou art confident that Heaven has made you an instrument to add to my afflictions, stripe on. I have never oppressed the widow, nor the orphan—never drew my fellow-mortal's blood—nor have I coveted my neighbour's house or wife—nor brought virgin-innocence to ruin; yet, my woes are heavy, my paths are strewed with thorns; and cold and hunger I often endure; yet, amidst these trials, I possess one consolation, which is, that my conscience is clear of deadly crimes; Heaven is wise, and I am but a mortal; and, for what reason I suffer, I know not.' The words of the mendicant searched the recesses of my soul; I remained without giving a reply; he pursued his way, and uttered again, 'Heaven, give him a knowledge of himself.' I continued for some few minutes as one struck with apoplexy; the reins fell from my hands, and my horse had liberty to bring me to where he pleased. I found that he brought me to the gate of my mansion; where I dismounted; and for once the porter remarked, that I passed him

silently without an oath or pouring execrations on his head; I retired to my room, where I pondered in silence, and for the first time, enjoyed the happiness of being left alone. During the night I slept none; and the following day I confined myself to my room, where I still remained in deep meditation; I thought on the mendicant, who patiently bore his woes—and also on my own conduct through life, who was a murderer, a debauchee, and every thing that could be termed, evil; I began to conceive a dislike to company, and an entire disgust to the vanities of life. For three nights and days I kept my room, to the amaze of my domestics; nor had I an inclination to change my new manner of life, until on the fourth night, I was roused by the alarm of fire, which broke out in my kitchen. The servants slept in apartments far from where the flames commenced; nor did they know of the awful circumstance, until many of the apartments were almost consumed. As it is the natural characteristic of man, in such cases, to look to his own safety, some ran one way, and some another, to escape death; I arose—ran to one room, and saw it in flames—then to another, which exhibited the same awful scene; where to flee to, I knew not; one hope only remained to escape death; which was, to ascend a chimney, and from the roof to call for assistance. This stratagem I soon put into practice, and with many struggles reached the roof; the flames on every side began to arise: struck with horror, I invoked Heaven, and called aloud to my domestics to place ladders along the walls; some leaping from the lower windows for their own preservation, took little heed of me, who was their master. The distress that I brought on poor tenants, by driving them from their

eots, arose in my mind, and upbraided me—death stared me in the face on every side; to call for mercy I strove, but still despair with the thoughts of my crimes, haunted me: I called for the assistance of my servants; a ladder was brought, by which I descended in my night-gown, not having an article of raiment but that to cover me. I beheld my house reduced to ashes; nor had I a place to lay my head, but in the cottage of one of my tenants. Being fully resolved to forsake my ways, and to obtain a knowledge of the world, I rented my castle, and forsook the place of my nativity, and for seven years travelled through towns, villages, and cities, and found more information in the cell of poverty, than in all the brilliant assemblies I joined in the days of my ignorance. After my tour, I bestowed my lands on many poor families—fled from the world—and these twenty years past, this rock has been my place of abode, where I live to repent of my crimes, and pass the remainder of my days in prayer and supplication.'

Lady B. after attentively listening to the narrative of the hermit, expressed her amazement, and said, that she learned more since the commencement of her calamity, than she did during the time of her prosperity. The hermit smiled, and said, that prosperity was the only barrier between mortals and knowledge.

The lady was about commencing a subject, when a deep groan disturbed her and the inhabitants of the cave: she started; Harriet became pale; the young lord and the hermit arose, went to the door, where they beheld a man with a person, besmeared with blood, leaning on his shoulder. The lady gazed—she screamed, at the appearance of faithful Henry, who cast a

dying glance on his afflicted mistress: he strove to stand, but nature unable to support his wounds, his head glided the bosom of Mc. Dowal; who, unable to render him assistance, left his bleeding body on the floor. The lady, like one in a state of delirium, wept over her expiring domestic: 'Oh, ye powers, who rule mortals,' she cried, 'let compassion on me descend, for my woes, are more than I am able to withstand—Heaven! oh, heaven! when shall my sorrows end? when shall the cold tomb receive me? Oh, Henry! oh, Henry! answer to the call of thy forlorn mistress, who has no guardian but you—Where, oh, where, shall I flee for a protector?' Henry cast the last glance on her—he groaned, and expired. Greater than ever became the woes of his mistress; her tears penetrated the breast of the hermit; who expostulated with her, to the utmost of his power: 'Be calm, my child,' said he, 'be calm, and bow submissively to the will of heaven: your trials are yet blessings in disguise.'

The lady reclined on the shoulder of the hermit, while Mc. Dowal related the following tragic account: 'Och, jewel, we went out to look about us, and to ask the people in the country, how matters were going on; whether William's soldiers were gone or not; and to know were the Irish army inclined to fight any more. We walked here and there and roundabout, without speaking to a mother's soul. Poor Henry, (heaven rest his soul,) said to me, 'Let us go to the village at the other side of the big hill.' 'With all my heart,' said I, 'let us go then.' We got to the other side, and enquired at the village, was all quiet? Every body there said, there was no fighting there these three weeks; but, they said they saw many squadrons

of Irish retreating night and day; and sometimes they heard a volley of shots fired here and there through the country; and about six miles off, there were a quantity of English lying dead as door nails, on the road. We left the village, and were coming home, when Henry said, 'I will get upon the top of that rock yonder, and look about and see if there is any thing stirring in the plains.' The poor fellow did, and just as he got up, a shot was fired from the road, and down the poor fellow fell: I ran to him, and fonnd the ball had entered his back bone; I looked about, and saw the English troops marching in large companies; one of them seeing the poor fellow on the hill, took him for a rebel, and shot him. I carried him on my back five long miles; and there he lies now.'

The hermit used every endeavour still to console the lady; with his own hands he laid out the corpse, and after two days interred it in the place he intended for his own body. The faithful fisherman, after the interment, enquired of the lady, was she determined to pursue her journey? But the hermit would not consent to her departure, until the country would become more peaceable. He said, that the road leading to the metropolis, was every hour occupied by the enemy, and that it was impassable. Therefore, my lady, rest in this silent abode; you, your son, and maid, rushes shall be your bed; the chrystal spring and brown bread shall be your food, and peace shall make up the want of luxury. Better, (said he,) to dwell for a time in solitude, than suffer the danger of being intercepted on your way; besides, your son, who is now all the comfort you have left, by brutal hands of either parties, may be destroyed; therefore, let calmness of miud, and patience govern

you, until the ruthless sword of war shall cease to spill blood. 'Kind father,' replied the lady, 'what happiness in this season of gloom, possesses my languid heart; I will remain with you; your discourse will console me: in you I will find a father; in you I will find a protector; and heaven, in pity to my woes, may yet bring me safe to the metropolis.' Then, turning to Mc. Dowal, she said, 'My faithful and worthy friend, return to your cottage; which I understand is fifteen miles distant: you have braved the dangers of the ocean for me, and been my protector.' A time may yet come, when I shall with gratitude call to mind your kind attention. Go, my brave defender, and let your hospitable family know that I reside in the cavern of a rock, and will remain there till the flame of horror shall be extinguished.' Mc. Dowal leaned on his staff, held down his head—a sigh disturbed his faithful bosom; he drew his hat over his eyes, and said, 'Well, my lady, I will call this very day fortnight, and be ready, if at that time you will be inclined to travel; and I will stand at your ladyship's back, while there is an arm on my body. May heaven protect your ladyship, till I see you again.' The honest and benevolent fisherman could utter no more. He then left the cave, and took his journey for his cottage.

The hermit, having in his abode the wretched family, used all means to dispel their grief; he frequently discoursed on the vanity of life, and on the many vicissitudes that attend it. After many hours spent in various subjects, the hermit said, 'I am much amazed, my lady, that Lord B. who belonged to the established church, should join James's army; he bore the name of a man inclined for peace; he was humble to the

most indigent, and a friend to the widow and orphan.' 'Father,' replied the lady, 'such was his character: he was noble, yet humble, and possessed the heart of the true christian; the creed of his fellow-mortal never was yet a wall or partition between him and humanity; when he beheld distress, he always relieved; nor did he enquire from whence the object of pity came; the Indian, the Moor, the Turk, or Jew, all, when in wretchedness, would receive his commisseration.' 'Such is the character of the true christian, indeed,' replied the hermit; 'but, why should the man, who possessed so many noble characters, be ready to answer the bugle of destruction; and to behold the blood of his fellow mortals flowing in torrents?' 'The cause of my lord,' said the lady, 'joining the army of James, was by reason of his tenderness to wretched veterans who were on their march to the camp: he being reproved by William's generals, words followed words; and he, though humble, yet high in mind, brought himself to his dissolution, and left his wretched widow to wail his death, while she remains a pilgrim on earth.' 'The act of relieving the weary veterans,' said the hermit, 'was meritorious; no matter of what sect or party they were, it appears that your lord, knowing that such a deed of humanity should be regarded by all who were lovers of mercy; he, therefore, found himself grieved by the reproof of William's generals. The soul that possesses honor and philantrophy, is ever ready to oppose invectives, when coming from the tongues of those who are not admirers of pity: yet, (said he,) that soul should ever be humble, and scorn to retaliate; for the greater share of virtue, the greater portion of humility should accompany it. Yet, man can never attain a

state of perfection in this life, because he has some passion to upbraid him; his own weakness, which often causes him to blush, and intimates that he is but mortal.'

The hermit, lady and waiting maid in such conversation passed each day, yet no appearance of peace was seen in the land, distant shots were heard with vollies of musketry from many parts of the country, and at night the silent inhabitants, from the cave door, descried fires in many of the surrounding villages. Terror was yet prevalent with lady B. which the hermit strove to appease, and at every time he beheld her in a greater degree of melancholy, he generally spoke on philosophy, for the intent of dispelling her gloom.

Two months the lady and family remained in the cave: the winter approaching, and the country seemed to show an aspect of less horror, therefore, the lady awaited the next visit of Mc. Dowal, who attended every fortnight for orders. Some few days elapsed, when the faithful and attentive guide made his appearance. The hermit strove to delay B. for another week; but she, having the strongest desire to go to the metropolis, craved his consent to let her commence her journey on that evening: with much grief he complied, and said, 'I shall not retard you, my lady, go in peace, and may the arm of Providence lead you.' The moon arose in the heavens, to illume their paths through the dark mountains: all was silent but the purling streams that meandered through the rocks. A fragment of burning turf kindled the pipe of Mc. Dowal, who lifted his eyes and hands to heaven for protection. Silent and pensive the hermit led them from the cave down the precipice, until he brought them to the valley, where they

remained some minutes receiving his benediction, which he fervently gave in the following words: 'Oh, Almighty Father, whose pity ever extends to the unfortunate, when encompassed with calamity, be the guardian of these thy creatures, who have no friend but thee; suffer them, at this season of affliction, to confide in thy mercy; defend them on their journey, nor let the merciless hand of the murderer prevail against them; let them not be under the burthen of apprehensions, until they arrive safe at the metropolis.' He ended his supplication; then holding the hand of lady B. he said, 'Be strong in courage, and confide in heaven.' He then laid a hand on the head of the young lord, and lifting his eyes in fervency to heaven, with a low voice he said, 'Almighty Being, be thou the parent of this defenceless youth, and defend him from the temptations of the world: propitious be, and let the supplications of an old sojourner of the earth, ascend to thy throne: tho' divested of fortune, and deprived of his hereditary right, may a noble flame possees his youthful bosom; may humility, virtue and honour be his preceptors; and may the shade of his father rejoice in the acts of his son.'

The pale beams of the moon shone on the aged cheek of the hermit, which was adorned with a tear of pure compassion—it was a tear made pure by twice ten winters' penitence and prayer; which, while it rolled, was wiped by his silvery locks, that vibrated by the zephyrs of the night. Mc. Dowal wiped his, from which the streams of commisseration flowed. Silence and sorrow prevailed amongst the departing travellers, until lady B. said in low accents, 'May the Spirit of the Most High be your guest, until I again behold you, my parent and protec-

tor.' I must now depart from you, with a bosom burthened with sorrow; the attention you bestowed on me and my only child, heaven will record. Go now to your cave, go, my father, my friend, and consoler, and invoke the Eternal and All-ruling Power for us.' The hermit, with a sigh, withdrew his palsied hands from the hands of the afflicted matron and son, and returned to this abode.

The disconsolate family, with timid steps, took their way through the dark and unfrequented valley for the metropolis. An intermitting gleam from the pale orb of night, showed them their path: all was serene, while on a journey of nearly ten miles. Mc. Dowal with his staff led the way, still holding the young lord by the hand, exciting him to courage, saying, 'We shall soon see the day-light, a cushlachree, and then I will get you a place to rest your head, my poor little fellow; I pity you to my heart; my soul to happiness, if I do not fret as much for you as your sweet mother, or all the mothers that ever broke the world's bread. Och, poor little *crater*, all you suffered these three months, lying in caves, corn-fields, and poor cottages—well, jewel, the longer a body lives, the more he will see. For your part, you have seen enough for your time; but, keep your spirits up, and do not let them be depressed; there are good days for you yet; a cushlachree, though I am an old man, I hope to see you on your estate again, when all those battles and quarrelings will be over. The faithful guide in this manner conversed with the fatherless boy; but, suddenly he was, with the whole of the travellers, alarmed by most dismal cries from a cottage, which was entered by a number of ruffians, who, in those days, pillaged

farmers' houses, and destroyed many industrious families. These plunderers never appeared in day-light. They generally formed a body, consisting of twenty, at dusk in the evening; and then forcibly entered the defenceless cottages of the inhabitants, extending their cruelty to all who would dare to oppose them. Mc. Dowal hearing the cries as he drew nearer to the abode of the wretched family, who at that time used their endeavours to resist the banditti, and defend their property; he ran to the door, and beheld the owner of the house, and his three sons, combatting with the ruffians, while the mother and her two daughters, with their hair dishevelled and their cheeks smeared with blood, screaming aloud and calling for assistance: with a heart, pregnant with courage and humanity, he leaped in, and with his oaken staff, brought two of the gang to the ground; the remainder, finding a stranger had entered, they supposed that there were many more outside, resolving to dispose of their lives at a high rate, they fought with a double portion of cruelty, which fell on the head of the brave, the tender, and noble Mc. Dowal; who, in the conflict, received a dagger in his breast, and fell, and in less than ten minutes expired. The fight yet continued—the screams of the women increased —the floor became covered with blood: the trembling lady outside, with her son and maid, witnessed the horrid scene; she saw the corpse of her guide weltering in its gore, and lying amongst the bodies of the father, his three sons and two of the remorseless gang. Unable to withstand the horror of the scene, she implored the maid to bring her to the rear of the cottage: the maid, with tottering steps, supported her, until she came there; then seating her under an

elm, by the gleam of the moon, she saw a pale hue spread on the face of her sorrowful mistress, whose arms fell powerless, while she lay in a swoon on the bosom of her hapless offspring: in intermitting swoons she remained, during the space of one hour; at which time the ruffians departed. After recovering her strength, she trembling with terror, enquired what they would do in the dreadful state they were in? Harriet told her to remain awhile in silence; then, with fearful steps, she went to the cottage door, and saw no living person inside: a rush-light faintly reflected on the six bodies that lay on the floor. The women were supposed to have escaped by flight. The remaining ruffians carried all they considered worth their notice away. Harriet returned and informed her mistress of what she had witnessed, and then advised her to proceed on the road, until the return of day-light; when, (said she) Providence may lead us to some safe retreat. To this the lady agreed; she arose, and the three helpless and wretched wanderers passed the cottage door, and took the road that the kind and noble Mc. Dowal intended to travel. It was the solemn hour of midnight, when all was hushed to silence but the screech owl, and the bay of the cottage mastiffs. Feebly they wandered on; the sky suddenly darkened, and pealing thunder rolled along the floor of heaven, rain fell in torrents, the tempest howled: in this state they made their way through storm and rain, until the break of day; when, to add to their terror, several vollies of musketry were heard: they remained for a time unable to utter a word to each other. The firing increased—they knew not where to flee. 'Eternal mercy,' said the lady, 'when shall our misery end; oh, Power divine, at this awful period defend us.'

Just as she uttered these words, a number of the Irish army fled across the adjoining field, they were pursued by the English cavalry, who were returning from Dublin after lodging prisoners there and were attacked on their way: the Irish, after a confused retreat, formed again and gave battle; each party were reinforced by those who were scattered on the roads and fields; a hot engagement commenced, the unfortunate travellers struck with new terror, knew not where to flee for safety, it being at twilight in the morning; observing a grassy lane, shaded with thorn shrub, they entered it, and with what haste their strength could command, they arrived at the extremity of it, and observed an ancient church yard, in the centre of which stood the ruins of an old abbey; to this they fled, and took up their abode in one of the vaults, hoping to conceal themselves until the battle ceased, but to their great terror it rather increased, for in a short time the church-yard was filled with Irish infantry, who kept up a heavy fire on the English, who to force the enemy to retreat, rushed in and charged them with true courage.

During the awful scene Lady B. gave up all hope of her escape. The Irish retreated near to the abbey, to which the English came up, and both for a time kept up a hot fire and charged each other with fury; the noise of the battle over the heads of the hapless lady and son caused more terror than they had witnessed at any period. The Irish after rallying several times were obliged to give way and retreat in confusion to places of shelter, the English still pursuing, leaving the dead in the field without interment.

Harriet finding that the field was silent, arose and went to her mistress, and consulted together

on the best way to escape; to travel, said she, at night would be our destruction, being unacquainted with the country; therefore we must enquire our way; and some kind peasant, for a little compensation, will escort us to the metropolis. The attention of the kind maid, to soothe the griefs of lady B. was all in vain: she said, 'Tell me, Harriet, what is to be done at this awful period? to trust to a stranger on our journey, makes my blood run cold? Oh, Harriet, let us not remain here, where death presents such awful exhibitions—let us flee from this scene, for longer I cannot behold it.' Harriet expostulated, but to no purpose: her mistress, unable to suppress her feelings, determined to pursue her way. The three weary travellers arose, and with trembling steps crossed the slain that were yet weltering in their blood. They had only passed three fields, when they came to a river, whose depth was to them unknown; they went a long way down the side of the river, and could find no passage but a large plank that served as a bridge: several times they attempted to cross it, but their fears retarded them. They trembling viewed the plank; still terror prevailed; but, Harriet, more inclined to proceed her journey than before, led the way; the young lord followed, and lady B. kept in the rear: with great terror they went on the plank, springing at every step they gave. In this situation they remained, until they came within two yards of the other side; when, the ever to be lamented Harriet, the tender and affectionate domestic, missed her step, and fell headlong into the flood, which was upwards of fifteen feet deep.—Lady B. in all the distraction of a helpless female, screamed aloud; the young lord called for assistance; but, no help was near: she rose in the flood, she strug-

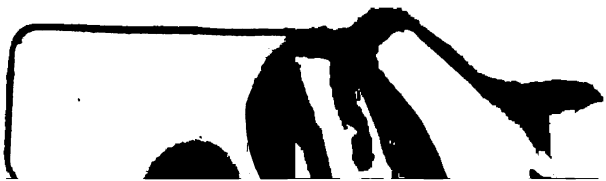
gled; and, in the departing struggle, shed a glance on her mistress; she plunged, while her eyes seemed to implore aid. The current of the river was rapid; she rose and plunged; then, in the presence of her mistress, sunk to rise no more. In a state of delirium, lady B. stood with her eyes fixed on the place where Harriet sunk: she wept---she cried, and, in the tortures of her soul, exclaimed, 'Eternal Power, who governs the world with compassion, look down on me and my offspring, who are the most to be commiserated of all the human race, that grovel in the mire of calamity: to whom shall I flee? of whom shall I enquire the way? the brave, the humane Mc. Dowal is dead, and Harriet has departed for ever---oh, for ever, Power Divine! for ever; and left me in this barren and mountainous land, to weep my fate, until some ruffian, who thirsts for blood, shall end my days of sorrow.' She then looked on her defenceless offspring; she drew him to her bosom, and said, 'Should the hand of death, my child, lead us out of misery, then would our apprehensions cease to haunt us.' She wept again, and then cast a glance, while the tears flowed down her cheeks, on the watery grave of Harriet: but no Harriet could she behold; the partner of her woes, lay in the cold recesses of the deep. With her son by the hand, she slowly and melancholy wandered on, nor could she meet with a human being to direct her to the metropolis, until she came to a turf bog that extended to a great distance; she looked around, and espied a boy, about fourteen years of age, driving a mule that was loaded with fuel for the winter season; of him she enquired her way; but, the lad did not understand her, as he could speak in no language but Irish; yet, in his countenance, she thought there was an expression of pity, which gave her to understand that she might rely on his humanity, although his appearance was wretched. She made signs to him of her distressed situation, and her want of a shelter for the night. The lad pointed to where his father's cottage stood, and said in Irish, that if she

thought the place worthy of her notice, she would be welcome, he was sure. Several times he repeated his sentiments; sometimes he substituted words of broken English, to make her more clearly understand his meaning. Lady B. after a long pause, determined on following him; and he led her to the summit of a hill, at the foot of which lay his abode. After taking some little refreshment, he conveyed her within three miles of the metropolis. She took herself a lodging in a wretched cottage, by reason of being over-fatigued, as she conceived, and unable to go further. When she had laid down, she found herself worse, and before morning, expired.

The evening of her interment, was gloomy; a thick mist descended; the village bell tolled; and some few hardy rustic assembled to bear the sad remains of a tender parent, to the cold recess of mortality. Many aged mothers attended, who looked on the weeping and friendless orphan with pity: many tears they shed and many sighs were heard, while solemn and slow the bier was brought up to the village ascent. It was at the close of black October, when this melancholy scene was witnessed; when the sound of the knell strikes the ear with more awe, and when the church-yard exhibits greater gloom. The bell still tolled---all was silent but the bosom of the orphan, and the feet of the peasants that passed through the fallen leaves of the elms, that lay strewed amongst the tangling weeds of grass-clad graves. The breast-plate of the coffin sounded, when 'Clay to clay,' was uttered by the clergyman. Stifling sobs convulsed the bosom of the orphan, while his eyes were over-flooded. The last sad rights being performed, all with sorrow left the gloomy spot, and returned to the village---in which the heir of Balahana stood, nor did he know of whom he should crave a shelter. The rain descended; the north gusts pierced his youthful cheeks. A group of honest peasants circled round him, expressing their feelings: he surveyed them with a countenance that craved their compassion. A nerve-strung mechanic,

pale by labour, took him by the hand, and led him to his abode, where he taught him the art of trade; by which the hapless orphan obtained his bread with humility; and, in the same village, took a wife, by whom he had a numerous offspring, who ever retained that nobleness of mind that their forefathers possessed.—Some of their posterity are, to this day, in the same neighbourhood, and some doomed to roam in foreign climes for life's sustenance; yet, until time is extinct, those of the descendants of the unguarded lord, shall sigh for his folly.

FINIS.



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